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Illustrations of Shakspeare.

No. II.

SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF.



NAVIGATORS give their names to the countries, islands, creeks and bays they discover, and warriors receive titles from the scenes of their triumphs. Shakspeare has done more—since his name has been given to a promontory from the circumstance of his having so beautifully described it in his “immortal verse.” No person who has visited Dover and seen that

“Cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confused deep,”

but must have felt the force and correctness of the following description of it, in the tragedy of King Lear.

“How fearful

And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low !
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air
Shew scarce so gross as beetles ; half way down,
Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful
trade !

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish’d to her cock ; her cock, a buoy

VOL. III.

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Almost too small for sight ; the murmuring
surge,
That on the unnumber’d idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high :—I’ll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.”

Shakspeare’s Cliff is, indeed, a place from whose dread summit

“Look up a-height :—The shrill-gorged lark
so far,

Cannot be seen or heard.”

This bold and lofty Cliff, which bears the name of our great dramatic poet, breathes the surge on the south-west side of Dover harbour. Samphire is still gathered from it, as described by Shakspeare, and the whole preserves the reality which the poet has embodied in his inimitable description. So fearful indeed does the lofty cliff appear in the poet’s verse, that one of his commentators declares that he never transported himself even in imagination to the brink of the precipice, without feeling a degree of giddiness as he measured the frightful depth beneath.

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Of this Cliff, so consecrated by the muse and the name of Shakspeare, the engraving copied from a sketch drawn on the spot, presents a good and picturesque likeness. The Cliff has, within the last few weeks, been somewhat dilapidated by the fall of a large body of the chalk of which it is formed, but it still exhibits a scene terrific, yet grand.

Of all the immortal works of our great bard, there is none more calculated to excite our concern, or to engage our sympathies, than the tragedy of King Lear—none in which the mighty resources of Shakspeare's transcendent genius are more eminently displayed; whether we regard its variety of character, its contrasted and conflicting passions, or the rapid succession of the interesting events which form this play.

Shakspeare's commentators have almost universally agreed in ascribing the story of King Lear to Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom, or from some old legends borrowed from his book, they conclude that our great poet derived his information. It is true that the story is to be found in the works of this historian, but it there appears under the disadvantage of a slovenly translation into Latin from an ancient Welsh history, entitled, *Brut y Brenhinodd*, or Chronicle of the Kings, written by Tysilio, a Welsh bishop, at the close of the seventh century, and so called because it gives a history of all the kings of Britain, from Brutus down to Cadwaladr, the last nominal sovereign, who abdicated the throne in the year 686. Although there are several MS. copies of this Chronicle in existence, one of which is preserved in Sir Robert Cotton's collection in the British Museum; yet not one of the English commentators on Shakspeare seems to have been aware even of the existence of such a document.

The tragedy of Shakspeare varies in several particulars from the Chronicle of Tysilio: the names have also been modernized or Anglicised; thus Llyr has been altered into Lear. The names of his three daughters, which, in the Welsh Chronicle, are Goronilla, Regan, and Cordella, are softened by the poet into those of Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. The Welsh name for Scotland used in the original MS. is Alban, whence came the Albany of Shakspeare. In the original story there are many points not preserved in the tragedy, and the poet has also engrafted many incidents on the Welsh story, particularly the episode of Gloucester and his sons, taken from Sydney's Arcadia; and the character of the Steward, borrowed from the "Mirrour of Magistrates." Nor has he adhered to the

original story in killing Cordelia as he has done during the life of her father; which, as Dr. Johnson observes, is not so consonant with our ideas of justice.

In the Welsh story the affection of Cordeilla is strongly depicted; she is represented as having retired to Paris, whither Llyr repaired when he had experienced the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan. On hearing of her father's approach, attended by a single knight only, she sent him the means of providing a retinue more worthy of a British monarch. He has an interview with the King of France (Aganippus), whose aid to recover his kingdom he implores. The French Monarch determines on restoring Llyr, and gives him the government of France while he raises a powerful army. When this army was assembled, "it was agreed in council to send Cordeilla with Llyr, lest the French should not be obedient to him; and Aganippus commanded the French, as they valued their souls and at their peril, to be as obedient to Llyr and to his daughter as they would be to himself. When they had taken leave, they set off towards the Isle of Britain, and against them came Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, with all their power, and fought gallantly and severely with them; but owing to the French being so numerous, it did not avail them, for they were put to flight and pursued, and a multitude of them slain. And Llyr and his daughter subdued the island before the end of the year, from one sea to another, and chased his two sons-in-law away out of the island.

After they had reduced the island, they governed it for a long time in peace and quietness, until the death of Llyr, when "Cordella took the government of the Isle of Britain, and she managed it for five years in peace and tranquillity; and in the sixth year rose her two nephews, sons of her sisters, who were young men of great fame, namely, Morgan, the son of Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Cunedda, the son of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall; and they assembled an army, and made war on Cordella; and after frequent conflicts between them, they subdued the island and took her and confined her in prison. And when she thought of her former grandeur, which she had lost, and that there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself with a knife under her breast, so that she lost her soul. And thereupon it was adjudged, that it was the foulest death of any for a person to kill himself."

Leisure Hours.

No. II.

Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbra
Lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat et plures. Hon.

THE first specimen of my LEISURE HOURS will comprise a few singular customs, which may not, perhaps, be generally known. The reader shall have them without further preface.

READING AT MEALS.

The changes of habits and manners are, in no case, more apparent or more curious than in the difference of deportment at meals between the ancients and moderns. The Greeks and Romans always employed servants to read to them on these occasions: by the former they were called *agnostes*, and by the latter *lectores*; and it appears from Servius, that women were occasionally employed in this office, as he describes one as *lectrix*. The Emperor Severus was accustomed to read himself at table; and Cornelius Nepos relates of Atticus, that he never supped without doing so, that "his mind," quoth the historian, "might not be less delighted than his stomach." In Greece it was customary to have the praises of great men sung during meal time; and these effusions were called *acromata*. The general practice, however, like all others, was, in time, exposed to abuse; and, accordingly, we learn from Martial, that a certain poetaster, called Ligurinus, was wont to recite his own poems at table to the great disgust of his guests. It would be well, perhaps, if certain reciters of our times were to take a hint from this anecdote. But, to return, the same custom is mentioned by Eginhard to have been kept up by Charlemagne, who had the lives and exploits of ancient princes read to him while at table; and St. Augustin ascribes a similar practice to the clergy and monks of his day. Of a nature corresponding with the readers above-mentioned are the story-tellers of the East, of whom persons of rank generally employ two or three, male or female, to amuse them with tales when melancholy or indisposed, and often to lull them asleep. Sir William Temple, in his Essays, notices a similar custom amongst the Irish, who had formerly their story-tellers, descended, as he thinks, from the old Irish bards. The duty of the Domestic Bard at the court of the Welsh princes was also, according to the Laws of Howell, nearly the same; instead of reciting tales, he was to sing songs.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

With reference to that part of Daniel's interpretation of the hand-writing at Belshazzar's feast, in which he says, "thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," it is curious to find, that a custom of actually weighing kings is related in Sir Thomas Roe's Voyage to India. From this it may be inferred, that the foregoing scriptural passage may be taken in a more literal sense than it is generally supposed to bear.

HOWLING AT FUNERALS.

This custom, so common in the sister island, seems to have been both ancient and general. It was called by the Greeks *Sternotupia*, and was in use among several nations of old. Dr. Clarke, in his Travels in Asia, describes it as very general amongst the Arabs; and we find, from the Narrative of the Congo Expedition, published in 1818, that it is of common use at Embomma in Africa. The Romans had their *profusio*, whose particular duty it was to superintend the mode of lamentation at funerals.

POPE JOAN.

The papal chair, it is well known, is thought to have been once filled by a woman. This was Pope Joan, as she is generally called, or John VII., who was pope during the ninth century. She is described to have been of very dissolute manners, and, consequently, to have brought great disgrace on the pontifical dignity. On this account, measures were taken to prevent the recurrence of such an opprobrium; and Sabellicus tells us, "it was decreed no one should thereafter be admitted into St. Peter's chair, *priusquam perforatam sedem futuri Pontificis genitalia ab ultimo diacono cardinale attractarentur*." Such is his account, which, for special reasons, I prefer giving in the original. Sabellicus adds, that this porphyry chair was to be seen, in his time, in the Pope's palace; but Platina is of opinion, that it was designed for another use.

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites."

But, be all this as it may, it appears that, in consequence of Pope Joan's incontinent life, the popes, until of late times, were accustomed, in their processions, when they reached the place of her private residence, to turn out of the road into a bye way, and, having passed the obnoxious spot, to return to the original route. The mode of electing the popes, above noticed, is thought, by some, to be a mere fiction; but, whether it be so or not, it gave birth to an epigram on the election of Innocent

VIII., which I shall here transcribe. The author is Michael Marullus :

Quid queris testes, sit mas an fœmina Cibo?
Respice natorum, pignora cœta, gregem.
Osto necens pueros genit, totidemque puellas;
Hanc merito poterit dicere Roma *Fairem*.

DAY AND NIGHT.

It has been very plausibly surmised, from what Moses says in the first chapter of Genesis, respecting the Hebrew *Nuchemeron* ("and the evening and the morning were the first day"), that it began with the evening. And it may corroborate this hypothesis to notice, that the ancient Britons and Saxons seem to have reckoned time in the same way. Cæsar particularly alludes to the custom as existing among the Gauls, who are known to have been of kindred descent with the Britons; and it may be inferred from our ordinary expressions of "fortnight" and "se'nnight," that it was also prevalent amongst the Saxons.

EMBALMING.

Archbishop Tillotson supposes the custom of embalming so common amongst the ancient Egyptians, to be alluded to in that verse of Ecclesiastes, where Solomon says, "a good name is better than precious ointment," chap. vii. verse 1. The meaning of this expression Tillotson considers to be, that "a good name" after death is better than the preservation or embalming of the body by "precious ointment."

ROMAN MOURNING.

It was a custom amongst the Romans to mourn ten months after the death of any near relative; and during this period they considered it inauspicious to attempt any enterprise of importance. Bossu, the French critic, arguing from this practice, in his attempt to prove the duration of the *Æneid*, presumes that *Æneas* did not leave Sicily until about ten months after the death of his father; because, as founder of the Roman empire, it was his duty to give an example of the customs and rites to be used by his posterity, and, consequently, that it would have been inconsistent with such a character for him to have undertaken the descent upon Italy during the time of mourning for the death of Anchises. But is not Bossu arguing from a fact in support of a fiction? Let the learned decide. OTIOSUS.

THE HISTORY OF BEARDS, WHISKERS, HAIR, BARBERS, AND HAIR-CUTTING.

(For the Mirror.)

VARIOUS have been and still are the ceremonies and customs of different na-

tions with regard to the beard. The Tartars once waged a long and bloody war with the Persians, and declared them infidels, though, in other respects, of the same faith with themselves, merely because they would not cut their whiskers after the mode or rite of the Tartars. The Spartans, from the age of twenty years, suffered their hair and beards to grow; the hair being deemed an ornament which became the freeman and warrior. A Spartan being once asked why he wore so long a beard, replied, "Since it is grown white it incessantly reminds me not to dishonour my old age." The Assyrians had long beards; and Chrysostom observes, that the kings of Persia had their beards woven or matted together with gold threads. Some of the first kings of France had, in the same manner, their beards matted and knotted with gold. The Africans wore long beards, as may be seen on the medals of Juba. The Greeks always wore their beards till the time of Alexander, when he commanded the Macedonians to be shaven, lest the length of their beards should give a handle to their enemies. The Romans for a long time wore beards and long hair. Pliny says the Romans did not begin to shave till the year of Rome 454. Scipio Africanus was the first who introduced the mode of shaving every day.* (To whose memory the cutlers of Sheffield ought to erect a statue of steel.) The philosophers, however, retained the beard; and the military men wore it short and frizzled, as we see it upon the triumphal arches and other monuments. In the time of grief and affliction they suffered their beard and hair to grow, as was the case with M. Livius in his retirement from Rome, and with Augustus after the defeat of Varus. The Greeks, on the contrary, in time of grief, cut their hair and shaved their beards (see Seneca); which was also the custom among some barbarian nations. The first fourteen Roman emperors shaved till the time of the Emperor Adrian, who retained the mode of wearing the beard. Plutarch tells us he did it to hide the scars in his face. Among the Catti, (a nation of Germany, a young man was not allowed to shave or cut his hair till he had slain an enemy (see Tacitus). Among the Jews it was reckoned ignominious to shave a person's beard, (2 Sam. x. 4). The day on which the young men, among the Greeks and Romans, first shaved the beard, was a festival; visits of ceremony were paid them; and they received pre-

* It is calculated that a person (shaving every day) makes in one year 43,800 strokes with the razor.

sents from their friends (see Juvenal). Augustus did not shave before the age of twenty-five. Slaves among the Romans wore their beards and hair long; when manumitted they shaved the head on the Temple of Feronia, and put on a cap or "*peleus*" as a badge of liberty. Those who escaped from shipwreck shaved their heads; and persons acquitted of a capital crime cut their hair and shaved, and went to the capitol to return thanks to Jupiter.

Le Comte observes, that the Chinese affect long beards extravagantly; but nature has balked them, and only given them very little ones, which, however, they cultivate with great care. The Europeans are strangely envied by them on this account.

Upon the death of Henry IV. of France, who was succeeded by a beardless youth, the beard was proscribed. Louis XIII. ascended the throne of his glorious ancestors without a beard; and his courtiers immediately reduced their beards to whiskers, which continued in fashion at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV., who, as well as his courtiers, were proud of wearing them, so that they wore the ornament of Turenne, Condé, Colbert, Corneille, Moliere, &c.

In Spain, Philip V. ascended the throne with a shaved chin; the courtiers imitated the prince, and their example was followed by the people. The change, however, produced lamentations and murmurs. Hence arose the Spanish proverb, denoting, "Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls." The Portuguese have imitated them in this respect. In the reign of Catherine Queen of Portugal, when the brave John de Castro had taken the castle of Diu in India, he was under the necessity of borrowing from the inhabitants of Goa a thousand pistoles for the maintenance of his fleet; and as a security for the loan, he sent them one of his whiskers, telling them, "all the gold in the world cannot equal the value of this national ornament of my valour; and I deposit it in your hands as a security for the money." The inhabitants of Goa, it is said, generously returned both the money and his whisker. The ancient Britons shaved the body, except the head and the upper lip, as well as the Gauls. The Normans had a great aversion to beards. Among them, to allow the beard to grow was an indication of the deepest distress and misery. William the Conqueror compelled the English to shave their upper lips and beards, so that some choose rather to abandon their country than to resign their whiskers. In the fourteenth century long beards were in

fashion; those of Bishop Gardiner and Cardinal Pole appear in their portraits of an uncommon size. The lawyers had a regulation imposed upon this important feature. Among the Turks and Persians the beard is a mark of authority and liberty. The Moors of Africa hold by their beards while they take an oath. The Turkish wives kiss their husbands' beards, and children their father's, as often as they come to salute them. The Jews wear a beard on the chin, but not on the upper lip or cheeks. It is the practice of the Indians of North America to pluck out the beard by the roots from its earliest appearance; and hence their faces appear smooth. Anointing the beard was practised by the Jews and Romans, and still continues in use among the Turks. The latter, when they comb their beards, hold a handkerchief on their knees, and gather very carefully the hairs that fall; and when they get together a certain quantity, they fold them up in a paper, and carry them to the place where they bury the dead. Plucking the beard was practised to cynics by way of contempt. Touching the beard was an action anciently used by supplicants.

Pliny says, that the ancient Greeks had a custom of touching the chin of a person, whose compassion they wished to excite: the chin being substituted for the beard. Among the ancient French, the beard was the most sacred pledge of protection and confidence. For a long time, all letters issuing from the sovereign, had, for greater satisfaction, three hairs of his beard in the seal. For which a charter was made in the year 1121. The Russian nobility formerly nourished their beards, which continued amongst them till the Czar, Peter the Great, compelled them to part with these ornaments, sometimes by laying a swinging tax upon them; and, at others, by ordering those he found with beards, to have them pulled up by the roots, or shaved with a blunt razor,* which drew the skin after it, and by these means, scarce a beard was left in the kingdom at his death: but, such a veneration had this people for those ensigns of gravity, that many of them carefully preserved them in their cabinets, to be buried with them; imagining, perhaps, they should make but an odd figure in the grave with their naked chins. So much for beards—in our next we shall give an account of the operators thereon.

To be concluded in our next.

* Hudibras says,
"And cut square by the Russian standard,
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign."
That's bravest which there are most runs in.
See part II. Canto I. line 172.

THE TREAD MILL,

BY JACOB JONES ESQ. OF THE
INNER TEMPLE.

Ingenious thought! old Nature to invert.
And make the feet do duty—for the hands!—
The hands have work'd for many thousand years.

For many thousand years now work the feet!
Behold the human squirrels! round and round,
Treading the never-ending cylinder;
The incorrigible rogues! that wise man send
To Houses of Correction, there to learn,
That labour is indeed a curse:
With pains and perils, there to "Mill the Air,"
With strains and aching, therefrom to depart,
Lesson'd to work at,—nothing!—
To learn this wondrous lesson, and unlearn
The other habits of industrious years:
Lo! woman, stretch'd, disfigur'd, on the wheel
Stung with a sense of shame, a dread of ill,
'Twere infamy, for other eyes to see;
All little remnant of that self respect,
Strong to reclaim, extinguish'd in the feeling
Of utter, and o'erwhelming degradation—
Pie on these manias, that o'erdo all good
To perfect evil, these precipitate jumps
At excellence, which hurl it to the ground:
These plans concerted without proper planning:
These quackish nostrums; let the Tread Mill
fearish

For just prevention of the thefts of mice:
Or comfort of young ladies who delight
To see the captive squirrel wind his cage—
But let not nature be abus'd, nor man
Converted to a sorry turnspit, tramp
A profitless, debasing, cruel round
Of toil—nor woman be expos'd
To all that man can suffer, and thrice more!!

The Nobelist.

No. XLIV.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

SOME thirty years ago, a gentleman-like person, between the age of twenty-five and thirty, arrived at the little village of St. Ronan, situated on the southern side of the Forth, about thirty miles from the English border. This village, now sunk into decay, had been once the residence of the Mowbrays, a powerful family, connected with the Douglasses. Only two houses of any consequence now remained; the Manse, or clergymen's rectory, and an inn kept by Mrs. Meg Doda, the daughter of an old retainer of the Mowbray's family, who had saved money while the master was ruined.

Mrs. Meg Doda was a brisk landlady, who kept a good cellar, and charged moderately. She had few or no personal charms. Her hair was of a brindled colour, betwixt black and grey, which was apt to escape in elf-locks from under her mutch when she was thrown into violent agitation—long skinny hands, terminated by stout talons—grey eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad, though flat chest, capital wind, and a voice that could match a choir of fish-women. She

was accustomed to say of herself, in her more gentle moods, that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, vouched to have been heard from the Kirk, to the Castle of St. Ronan's.

To this inn came Francis Tyrrel, the hero of the story; he was the son of the fifth Earl of Etherington, who had known Meg in former years, and did not care for her eccentricities. They, however, had no charms for the travellers of these light and giddy-paced times, and Meg's inn became less and less frequented. What carried the evil to the uttermost was, that a fanciful lady of rank in the neighbourhood, chanced to recover of some imaginary complaint by the use of a mineral well, about a mile and a half from the village; a fashionable doctor was found to write an analysis of the healing stream, with a list of sundry cures; a speculative builder took land in *feu*, and erected lodging-houses, shops, and even streets. At length a tontine subscription was obtained to erect an inn, which, for the more grace, was called an hotel; and so the description of Meg Doda became general.

At the Well—the rival house—was a large party—to wit, Lady Penelope Penfeather, a lady of fashion, whose beauty had passed the meridian; Sir Bingo Binks, a sapient English baronet, who had been entrapped into a Scotch marriage with Miss Rachael Bonnings, and was so ashamed of the union as not to return to England, and who, for a carriage, kept, and drove himself, a regular-built mail coach; and Mr. Mowbray, of St. Ronan's, a young sporting gentleman. The affairs of the Well were consigned to a managing committee, to arbitrate all matters relative to the good government of the community.

Each of its members appeared to be selected, as Fortunio, in the fairy tale, chose his followers, for their peculiar gifts. First on the list stood the man of medicine, Dr. Quinbus Quackleben, who claimed right to regulate medical matters at the spring, upon the principle which, of old, assigned the property of a newly discovered country, to the first buccanier who committed piracy on its shores. The acknowledgment of the doctor's merit, as having been first to proclaim and vindicate the merits of these healing fountains, had occasioned his being universally installed first physician and man of science, which last qualification he could apply to all purposes, from the boiling of an egg, to the giving a lecture.

First in place, though perhaps second

to the doctor, in real authority, was Mr. Winterblossom; a civil sort of person, who was nicely precise in his address, wore his hair curled, and dressed with powder, had knee-buckles set with Bristol stones, and a seal-ring as large as Sir John Falstaff's. In his hey-day he had a small estate, which he had spent like a gentleman, by mixing with the gay world. He was, in short, one of those respectable links which connect the cock-combs of the present day with those of the last age, and could compare, in his own experience, the follies of both. In latter days, he had sense enough to extricate himself from his course of dissipation, though with impaired health and impoverished fortune.

Mr. Winterblossom was also distinguished for possessing a few curious engravings, and other specimens of art, with the exhibition of which he occasionally beguiled a wet morning at the public room. They were collected, "*vis et modis*," said the man of law, another distinguished member of the committee, with a knowing cock of his eye, to his next neighbour.

Of this person little need be said. He was a large-boned, loud-voiced, red-faced old man, named Micklewham; a country writer, or attorney, who managed the matters of the 'Squire much to the profit of one or other,—if not both. His nose projected from the front of his broad vulgar face, like the stile of an old sundial, twisted all of one side. He was as great a bully in his profession, as if he had been military instead of civil.

After the man of law comes Captain Mungo Mac Turk, a Highland lieutenant on half-pay, and that of ancient standing; one who preferred toddy of the strongest to wine, and in that fashion and cold drams finished about a bottle of whiskey *per diem*, whenever he could come by it. He was a general referee in all quarrels, an occupation which procured Captain Mac Turk a good deal of respect at the Well; for he was precisely that sort of person who is ready to fight with any one—whom no one could find an apology for declining to fight with—in fighting with whom considerable danger was incurred, for he was ever and anon showing that he could snuff a candle with a pistol ball.

Still remains to be mentioned the man of religion—the gentle Mr. Simon Charterley, who had strayed to St. Roman's Well from the banks of Cam, or Isis, and who piqued himself, first on his Greek, and, secondly, on his politeness to the ladies.

There was yet another member of this select committee, Mr. Michael Meredith,

who might be termed the man of mirth, or, if you please, the Jack-pudding to the company, whose business it was to crack the best joke, and sing the best song he could.

The curiosity of this august assembly having been excited by the singularly retired habits of Mr. Francis Tyrrel, the stranger guest at the *original* hostelry of Mrs. Meg Dods, an invitation was sent him in the names of the whole party to favour them with his company on an early day. During his visit, he had an opportunity of meeting with Clara Mowbray, and of renewing for a moment an acquaintance with her of long standing. The father of Francis Tyrrel, the fifth Earl of Etherington, had, during his travels on the continent in early youth, married a certain beautiful orphan, Marie de Martigny, the mother of our hero.—This nobleman taking advantage of the irregularity, and as he then deemed illegality, of this union of the heart, found it to suit his convenience to marry again from interested motives, and accordingly wedded a Miss Bulmer, by whom he had another son, Valentine Bulmer, who, on his father's death, took possession of his titles and estates, on the plea of his elder brother's illegitimacy. The young men had nevertheless been educated together, and up to a certain period had been constant associates. They had met several years before in the neighbourhood of St. Roman's Well, the beautiful sister of Mowbray, and Francis Tyrrel, and she had then formed the tender connection already alluded to. As at this time the father of the young men shewed an evident desire to do justice to his elder son, and admit the legitimacy of his birth, the efforts of the younger brother were devoted unremittingly to vilify and misrepresent him. In an unlucky hour Francis Tyrrel made his brother his confidant, and the latter conjecturing that the connection would, on no account, be approved of by the father, used every possible exertion to promote it, and was unwearied in his endeavours to facilitate the intercourse of the lovers.

Their interviews having been terminated by the harsh command of Clara's father, Valentine volunteered his services as the medium of communication, and finally advised Francis to propose a secret marriage. In a hapless hour he consented, and all the preliminaries arranged, the pastor of the parish agreed to perform the ceremony, on a supposition hinted by the treacherous Valentine, that the object of the lover was to do justice to the betrayed maiden. It was finally settled that the lovers should meet at the

Old Kirk when the twilight became deep, and set off in a chaise for England immediately after the ceremony. About this juncture, however, the younger brother became acquainted with a circumstance which completely altered all his views on the subject of this marriage. It appears that his grand uncle by his mother's side was related to the Mowbray family, and had left a singular will, bequeathing an immense estate to the eldest son of the Earl of Etherington, provided he formed a matrimonial connection with a lady of the house of St. Ronan. After some consideration, he meditated a deep scheme to crown his ambitious views, and under circumstances which remove in some measure the improbability that may appear from a naked statement of the facts to attach to it, personated his brother (to whom he bore a strong resemblance) on the evening appointed for the rendezvous.

He succeeded so far in imposing on Clara. "We got into the carriage," says he in a confession he afterwards made, "and were a mile from the church, when my unlucky or lucky brother stopped the chaise by force—through what means he had obtained knowledge of my little trick, I never have been able to learn. Solmes has been faithful to me in too many instances, that I should suspect him in this important crisis. I jumped out of the carriage, pitched fraternity to the devil, and, betwixt desperation and something very like shame, began to cut away with a *couteau de chasse*, which I had provided in case of necessity. All was in vain—I was hustled down under the wheel of the carriage, and, the horses taking fright, it went over my body."

Clara Mowbray was reduced to a state of mind bordering on distraction, and her lover only consented to a suspension of his revenge on an arrangement, that Valentine should give up all idea of seeing his betrothed again, or even of returning to the neighbourhood of which she resided. Meanwhile, during his eldest son's absence in foreign climes, the father dies, and Valentine Bulmer (as he was named after his mother) took possession of the title and estates of the Earl of Etherington. It was only on hearing that his perfidious brother was, in defiance of his stipulation, about to return to St. Ronan's Well, that Francis repaired thither to watch his motions. At this time, however, he became possessed of documents which required only a legal process in order to enable him to vindicate to himself his birthright.

The titular Earl assiduously cultivates the acquaintance of Mowbray, the brother of Clara, to whom he makes formal pro-

posals for her hand, and is warmly seconded by him, ignorant as he was of her connection with Francis. They are, however, received with disgust and even horror by Clara. The Earl fleeces Mowbray, the Laird of St. Ronan's, as he was called, of the whole of his property, as well as that of his sister, at the gaming table.

In a state of desperation arising from his losses and a report that has reached him injurious to the honour of his sister (a report originating in the foul aspersion which had been cast upon her by the traitor Valentine, in order to induce the clergyman to consent to marry them clandestinely), Mowbray returns home determined to seek a full explanation with Clara, and to compel her marriage with the Earl of Etherington.

In the violence of his passion he even meditates her death; but her meekness and her tears subdue him, and he quits her saying, "Clara, you should to-night thank God that saved you from a great danger, and me from a deadly sin."

Through the intervention of a very worthy old gentleman of the name of Touchwood, one of those excellent but eccentric persons, who, having amassed a large fortune, are on the look-out for an heir, the intrigues of the titular Earl of Etherington ends in his own discomfiture. Clara Mowbray, in the agony of fear and desperation, fled from her brother's house within an hour of her interview with him, and after wandering about the greater part of a November night, is attracted by a light from the Manse of the clergyman. To this dwelling had been removed a few days before a wretched woman who had been one of the wicked instruments of the Earl of Etherington, and under the same roof does Clara also meet with her unhappy lover.

We have no means of knowing whether she actually sought Tyrrel, or whether it was, as in the former case, the circumstance of a light still burning where all around was dark, that attracted her; but her next apparition was close by the side of her unfortunate lover, then deeply engaged in writing, when something suddenly gleamed on a large, old-fashioned mirror, which hung on the wall opposite. He looked up, and saw the figure of Clara, holding a light (which she had taken from the passage) in her extended hand. He stood for an instant with his eyes fixed on this fearful shadow, ere he dared turn round on the substance which was thus reflected. When he did so, the fixed and pallid countenance almost impressed him with the belief that he saw a vision, and he shuddered when, stooping

beside him, she took his hand. "Come away!" she said, in a hurried voice—"come away, my brother follows to kill us both. Come, Tyrrel, let us fly—we shall easily escape him.—Hannah Irwin is on before—but, if we are overtaken, I will have no more fighting—you shall promise me we shall not—we have had but too much of that—but you will be wise in future."

"Clara Mowbray!" exclaimed Tyrrel. "Alas! is it thus!—Stay—do not go," for she turned to make her escape—"stay—stay—sit down."

"I must go," she replied, "I must go—I am called—Hannah Irwin is gone before to tell all, and I must follow. Will you not let me go?—Nay, if you will hold me by force, I know I must sit down—but you will not be able to keep me for all that."

A convulsive fit followed, and seemed, by its violence, to explain that she was indeed bound for the last and darksome journey. The maid, who at length answered Tyrrel's earnest and repeated summons, fled terrified at the scene she witnessed, and carried to the Manse the alarm.

The old landlady was compelled to exchange one scene of sorrow for another, wondering within herself what fatality could have marked this single night with so much misery. When she arrived at home, what was her astonishment to find there the daughter of the house, which, even in their alienation, she had never ceased to love, in a state little short of distraction, and attended by Tyrrel, whose state of mind seemed scarce more composed than that of the unhappy patient. The oddities of Mrs. Dods were merely the rust which had accumulated upon her character, but without impairing its native strength and energy; and her sympathies were not of a kind acute enough to disable her from thinking and acting as decisively as circumstances required.

"Mr. Tyrrel," she said, "this is nae sight for men folk—ye mair rise and gang to another room."

"I will not stir from her," said Tyrrel—"I will not remove from her either now, or as long as she or I may live."

"That will be nae lang space, Master Tyrrel, if ye winna be ruled by common sense."

Tyrrel started up, as if half comprehending what she said, but remained motionless.

"Come, come," said the compassionate landlady; "do no stand looking on a sight sair enough to break a harder heart than yours, hinny—your ain sense tells ye, ye canna stay here.—Miss Clara shall

be well cared for, and I'll bring word to your room-door frae half-hour to half-hour how she is."

The necessity of the case was undeniable, and Tyrrel suffered himself to be led to another apartment, leaving Miss Mowbray to the care of the hostess and her female assistants. He counted the hours in an agony less by the watch than by the visits which Mrs. Dods, faithful to her promise, made from interval to interval, to tell him that Clara was not better—that she was worse—and, at last, that she did not think that she could live over morning. It required all the deprecatory influence of the good landlady to restrain Tyrrel, who, calm and cold on common occasions, was proportionably fierce and impetuous when his passions were afloat, from bursting into the room, and ascertaining, with his own eyes, the state of the beloved patient. At length, there was a long interval—an interval of hours—so long, indeed, that Tyrrel caught from it the agreeable hope that Clara slept, and that sleep might bring refreshment both to mind and body. Mrs. Dods, he concluded, was prevented from moving for fear of disturbing her patient's slumber; and, as if actuated by the same feeling which he imputed to her, he ceased to traverse his apartment, as his agitation had hitherto dictated, and throwing himself into a chair, forbore to move even a finger, and withheld his respiration as much as possible, just as if he had been seated by the pillow of the patient. Morning was far advanced, when his landlady appeared in his room with a grave and anxious countenance.

"Mr. Tyrrel," she said, "ye are a Christian man."

"Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake!" he replied; "you will disturb Miss Mowbray."

"Naething will disturb her, puir thing," answered Mrs. Dods; "they have mickle to answer for that brought her to this."

"They have—they have, indeed," says Tyrrel, striking his forehead; "and I will see her avenged on every one of them!—Can I see her?"

"Better not—better not," said the good woman; but he burst from her and rushed into the apartment.

"Is life gone?—Is every spark extinct?" he exclaimed eagerly to a country surgeon, a sensible man, who had been summoned from Marchtown in the course of the night. The medical man shook his head.—He rushed to the bedside, and was convinced by his own eyes that the being whose sorrows he had both caused and shared, was now insensible to all

earthly enlivity. He raised almost a shriek of despair, as he threw himself on the pale hand of the corpse, wet it with tears, devoured it with kisses, and played for a short time the part of a distracted person. At length, on the repeated expostulation of all present, he suffered himself to be again conducted to another apartment, the surgeon following, anxious to give such sad consolation as the case admitted of.

He said, "from the symptoms, that if life had been spared, reason would, in all probability, never have returned. In such a case, sir, the most affectionate relation must own, that death, in comparison to life, is a mercy."

"Mercy?" answered Tyrrel; "but why, then, is it denied to me?—I know—I know!—My life is spared till I revenge her."

He started from his seat, and rushed eagerly down stairs. But, as he was about to rush from the door of the Inn, he was stopped by Touchwood, who had just alighted from his carriage, with an air of stern anxiety imprinted on his features, very different from their usual expression. "Whither would ye? Whither would ye?" he said, laying hold of Tyrrel, and stopping him by force.

"For revenge—for revenge!" said Tyrrel. "Give way, I charge you on your peril!"

"Vengeance belongs to God," replied the old man, "and his bolt has already fallen.—This way—this way," he continued, dragging Tyrrel into the house. "Know," he said, so soon as he had led or forced him into a chamber, "that Mowbray, of St. Ronan's, has met Bulmer within this half-hour, and has killed him on the spot."

"Killed whom?" answered the bewildered Tyrrel.

"Valentine Bulmer, the titular Earl of Etherington."

"You bring tidings of death to the house of death," answered Tyrrel; "and there is nothing in this world left that I should live for."

There remains little more to be told. Mr. Touchwood is still alive, forming plans which have no object, and accumulating a fortune, for which he has apparently no heir. The old man had endeavoured to fix this character, as well as his general patronage, upon Tyrrel; but the attempt only determined the latter to leave the country; nor has he since been heard of, although the title and estates of Etherington lie vacant for his acceptance. It is the opinion of many, that he has entered into a Moravian mis-

sion, for the use of which he had previously drawn considerable sums.

Mowbray enters the army, and reforms from the early follies which distinguished his early life. He re-purchases the property he had feued out for the new hotel, lodging-houses, &c., and sends orders for the demolition of the whole; nor would he permit the existence of any house of entertainment on his estate, except that kept by Mrs. Meg Dods.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PANACEAS FOR POVERTY.

"I like not the humour of bread and cheese."
SHAKESPEARE.

FROM the days of Job, downwards, COMFORTERS (to me) have always seemed the most impertinent set of people upon earth. For you may see, nine times in ten, that they actually gratify themselves in what they call "consoling" their neighbours; and go away in an improved satisfaction with their own condition, after philosophising for an hour and a half upon the disadvantages of yours.

There are several different families of these benevolent characters abroad; and each set rubs sore places in a manner peculiar to itself.

First and foremost, there are those who go, in detail, through the history of your calamity, shewing (as the case may be) either how completely you have been outwitted, or how exceedingly ill or absurdly you have conducted yourself—and so leave you with "their good wishes," and an invitation to "come and dine, when your troubles are over."

Next, there are those, a set, I think, still more intolerable, who press the necessity of your resolving immediately upon "something;" and forthwith declare in favour of that particular measure, which, of all the *pis allers* of your estate is the most perfectly detestable.

Thirdly come the "whoreson caterpillars," who are what people call "well to do" in the world; and especially those who have become so (as they believe) by their own good conduct. These are very particularly vile dogs indeed! I recollect one such—(he was an opulent cheese-monger,) who had been porter in the same shop which he afterwards kept, and had come to town, as he used to boast, without cash enough to buy a night's lodging on his arrival.

This man had neither love nor pity for any human being. He met every complaint of distress with a history of his own fortunes. No living creature, as he took it, could reasonably be poor, so long as there were birch brooms or watering-pots in the world. He would tell those who asked for work, that "idleness was the root of all evil;" prove to people "that a penny was the seed of a guinea," who were without a farthing in the world; and argue all day, with a man who had nothing, to shew that "out of a little, a little might be put by."

Fourthly, and in the rear, march those most provoking ruffians of all, who uphold the prudence of always "putting the best face" (as they term it) upon an affair. And these will cure your broken leg by setting it off against somebody else's hump back, and so soundly demonstrate that you have nothing to complain of; or admit, perhaps, (for the sake of variety) the fact that you are naked; and proceed to devise stratagems how you shall be contented to remain so.

And it is amazing what a number of (mad upon that particular point,) but otherwise reasonable and respectable persons, have amused themselves by proving, that *The Poor* have an enviable condition. The poor "Poor!" They seem really to have been set up as a sort of target for ingenuity to try its hand upon; and, from Papin, the Bone Digester, down to Cobbett, the Bone Grubber,—from Wesley, who made cheap physic, and added to every prescription "a quart of cold water," to Hunt who sells roasted wheat (*vice coffee*) five hundred per cent above its cost—an absolute army of projectors, and old women has, from time to time, been popping at them. High among these philosophers, indeed I might almost say at the head of them, stands the author of a tract called, "A Way to save Wealth;" which was published (I think) about the year 1640, to shew how a man might thrive upon an allowance of TWO-PENCE per day.

The observations prefatory to the promulgation of this inestimable secret, are worthy of everybody's—that is, every poor body's—attention.

First, the writer touches, generally, upon the advantage of "thin, spare diet;"—exposing how all beyond is "mere pitiable luxury;"—enumerating the diseases consequent upon high living; and pointing out the criminal acts and passions to which it leads;—evidently demonstrating, indeed, to the meanest capacity, that no man can possibly eat goose, and go to Heaven.

Shortly after, he takes the question up

upon a broader ground; and examines it as one of mere worldly policy, and of mere convenience.—"The man who eats *flesh*, has need of other things (vegetables) to eat with it; but that necessity is not felt by him who eats vegetables *only*."—If Leadenhall market could stand against that, I am mistaken.

The recipes for *cheap dishes* will no doubt (when known,) come into general practice; so they shall be given in the Saver of Wealth's own words.—Here is one—(probably) for a Christmas dinner.

"Take two spoonfuls of oatmeal; put it into two quarts of cold water, then stir it over the fire until it boils, and put in a little salt and an onion. And this," continues our Economist,— "this does not cost above a farthing; and is a *noble, exhilarating meal!*"—For drink, he afterwards recommends *the same dish*, (unboiled);—and no form of regimen, it must be admitted, can be more simple, or convenient.

Now this man was, certainly, (as the phrase is,) "something like" a projector in his way. And it seems probable that he met with encouragement; for, passing the necessities, he goes on to treat upon the elegancies of life.

Take his recipe for instance, next,— "For dressing (cleaning a hat.)"

"Smear a little soap on the places of your hat which are felthy, and rub it with some *hot* water and a *hard* brush. Then *scrape* it with the *back* of a *knife*, what felth sticks; and it will bring both grease and soap out."—The book of this author is scarce;—I suspect the hatters bought it up to prevent this secret from being known.

Only one more recipe—and really it is one worthy to be written in letters of gold;—worthy to stand beside that never-to-be-forgotten suggestion of Mrs. Rundell's—(she who now in the kitchen of the gods roasts!—that "roasts," in a proper sense, not *is roasted*,)—her immortal direction to prevent the creaking of a door,— "Rub a bit of soap on the hinges!"—This it is.

"To make your teeth white."

"Take a little *brick dust* on a towel, and rub them."—The mechanical action, (the reader sees) not the chemical; but potent notwithstanding.

But Mrs. Rundell deserves better than to be quoted, in aid, on an occasion like this; nay, merits herself to take rank, and high rank, among our public benefactors. Marry, I say, that the thing is so, and shall be so: for, even amidst all the press and crowd of her moral and culinary precepts,—even while she stands already, as a man may say, "in double

trust," teaching us good life in one page, and good living in another; here, holding up her ladle against "excessive luxury," such as "Essence of Ham"—(praised be her thick duodecimo, but for which the world had never known that there was such a perfume;) and, presently, pointing out the importance, and weeping over the rarity of such "creature comforts" as strong coffee, and smooth melted butter;—ever and anon, even amid all these complicated interests, the kind lady finds room to edge in a thought or two about the poor.

Pour echantillon.

"The cook should be charged," says Mrs. R. "to save the *boiling* of every piece of meat or ham, *however salt*; the pieces of meat which come from the table *on the plates*; and the *bones* made by the family." "What a relief," adds she, "to the labouring husband, to have a *warm, comfortable meal*!"—The rind of a ham, for instance, after Mrs. R. had extracted the "Essence?"

And again she goes on.—"Did the cook really enter into this, (the love of her fellow creatures; she would never wash away as useless the peas, or groats, of which soup, or gruel, *have been made*;—*broken potatoes*;—the *outer leaves* of a lettuce;—the *necks and feet* of fowls," &c.; "which make a delicious meat soup, *especially for the sick*."—(Sure, people would be falling sick, on purpose to eat it!)

The sick soup essay concluded with a farther direction to the cook, not to take the fat off the broth, "*as the poor like it, and are nourished by it*!" and with a calculation which, if we know any thing of the mathematics, might make Demoivre himself look to his laurels;—"Ten gallons of this soup," concludes Mrs. R., "from ten houses, would be a hundred gallons; and that, divided amongst forty families, would be two gallons and a half to each family."

Tam Marti quam Mercurio! And done with chalk upon a milk tally, ten to one else!—*Tam Cocker quam Kitchen!* And this lady is dead! It almost makes us waver in our faith!—

Turn sour ye casks of table beer,
Ye steaks, forget to fry;
Why is it you are let stay here,
And Mrs. Rundell die?

But whims, (if they happen to take hold at all,) take the strongest hold commonly upon strong understandings.

Count Ramford, though an ingenious man, had a touch of this *bon chere a peu d'argent* disease; and his Essays afford some pleasant illustrations of the slashing style in which men construct theories,

when the practice is to fall upon their neighbours.

After exhausting himself upon the smoky chimnies of the world, the Count strips to the next of its nuisances,—the beggars.

He was to feed the poor; (*encore the Poor!*) and the point was, of course, how to feed them at the cheapest rate.

"Water," then, he begins—(the cunning rogue!) "*Water*, I am inclined to suspect, acts a much more important part in *nutrition*, than has been generally supposed." This was a good active hobby to start upon; and, truly, his Countship, in the sequel, does outstride all the field.

First, he sets out an admirable table, at which he dines TWELVE HUNDRED persons, all expenses included, for the very reasonable cost of one pound fifteen shillings English.

But this (which was three dinners for a penny) was nothing; and, in a trice, the Count, going on with his reductions, brings down the meal for twelve hundred, to one pound seven shillings. And, here, he beats our Saver to Wealth (the contractor at two-pence a day) hollow; because, with his dinner found for a farthing, a man must be an example of debauchery—a mere rascal—to think of getting through such a sum as two-pence a day; out of which, indeed, he might well put by a provision for himself and his wife, in old age; and fortunes for two or three of his younger children.

The Count's running commentary upon these evolutions, too, is a *chef d'œuvre* in the art of reasoning. At one time, it seems, he dieted his flock, partly upon bread begged publicly in charity, and partly upon meat which was the remnant of the markets. Even out of evil the wise man shall bring good. The charity bread was found extremely dry and hard; "but, therefore," says the Count, "we found it answer better than any other; because it made mastication necessary, and so prolonged the enjoyment of eating." As for the meat, he soon finds that an article quite unnecessary, and actually omits it altogether in the people's soup, *without the fact being discovered!*

But the crowning feature of all, (and there I leave Count Ramford,) is the experiment which he makes in eating (to be quite certain) *upon himself*; arguing upon the nutritious and stomach-satisfying qualities of a particular "cheap" dish, he puts the thing to issue—thus:

"I took my coffee and cream, with my dry toast, one morning" (hour not given) "at breakfast, and ate nothing

between that and four o'clock. I then ate," (the particular dish,) I believe, however, it was a *three farthing one*, "and found myself *perfectly refreshed*." And so the Count finishes his dissertation upon food, by declaring the *Chinese*! to be the best cooks in the world.

Now, I confess that (at first sight) there would seem to be something accomplished here. No doubt, if our labourers would eat farthing dinners, and get rid of that villainous propensity which they have to beef-steaks, their "savings," and consequent acquisition of property, would be immense. But does the Count not perceive, and did it never strike his coadjutors, that, if this system were acted upon, all the poor would become rich? when they would be an incomparably greater nuisance than they are in their present condition. I grant the existing evil, but do not let us exchange it for a greater. The question is a difficult one, but there be minds that can cope with it. Such a turmoil as to what the poor shall eat! I say, there are plenty of them—let them eat one another.

People must not be startled by the apparent novelty of this plan;—those who can swallow Count Rumford's dinners, may, I am sure, swallow any thing. I have examined the scheme, which I propose narrowly, and (prejudice apart) can see no possible objection to it. It is well known, that rats and mice take the same mode which I hint at, to thin their superabundant population; and what are the poor, but mice in the cheese of society? Let the public listen only to this suggestion, and they will find that it ends all difficulty at once. I grant that there might be some who would be ravenous, at first, upon their new diet; * especially any who had been living upon Mrs. Rundell's soup; but that is an evil which would correct itself; because, so admirably operative and perfect is the principle, the mouths would diminish in exact proportion with the meat. Upon my system, (and, I repeat, I can see no objection to it), the poor might go on pleasantly, reducing their numbers at their leisure, until one individual only, in a state of necessity, should be left; and if it were worth while to go on to niceties, I could provide even for him under my arrangement, by having him taught to jump down his own throat, like the clown, in "Harlequin Conjuror." Certain it is, we hear, on every side, that, if the poor go on increasing, they will soon eat up the rich; and, surely, if any

body is to be eaten by them, it ought, in fairness, to be themselves. And, moreover, as it is shrewdly suspected that too many of them are already eaten up with laziness, why, hang it, if they are to be eaten at all, let them be eaten to some purpose.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CASTLE BUILDERS.

(Concluded from our last Mirror.)

CERTAIN great geniuses have been notorious for castle-building. Fontenelle, the centenarian, was so accustomed to indulge in erecting these airy fabrics, that he may be said, fairly enough, to have lived as much out of the world as in it, and by this means there can be no doubt he prolonged his life. His perfect indifference to all those matters that commonly raise a great interest among mankind in general, made his temper even and placid, and his love of castle-building contributed to his long good health. Deaths, marriages, earthquakes, murders, calamities of all kinds, scarcely affected him at all. He built castles by day and by night, in society and out of it. His body was a machine with a moving power, and went through its actions mechanically; but his mind was generally in some region far remote from the situation it occupied. He got at one time among the stars, found them peopled, and began to study the laws, manners, and dispositions of the inhabitants of worlds many million times farther from the earth than thence to "th' utmost pole." Going one day to Versailles early in the morning, to pay a visit to the court, he was observed to step under a tree, against which he placed his back, and beginning to castle-build, he was found pursuing his architectural labours in the evening upon the self-same spot. Kings, courtiers, and such "small gear," were unable to abstract him from following his favourite amusement, when the temptation of enjoying it was strong. Perhaps Fontenelle and Newton may illustrate the difference between the profound thinking of the scholar, and the amusement of which we are treating. Newton directed all his faculties into one focus upon a single object, proceeding by line and rule to develop the mystery which it was his desire to unravel. No play was allowed to the fancy, nor operation to more than one faculty of the soul at once; it is this which is so wearying to the frame, that gives pallor to the student's complexion, and frequently abridges life. Your castle-builder, on the contrary, may be a ruddy, florid, and healthy personage. He quaffs an *elair vite*; his abstractions arising only from a plea-

* Compere Matthieu, I think, makes this remark somewhere, in a general defence of cannibalism. But my project does not go so far.

surable pursuit in following his wayward fancies, and not from painful attention to a single subject. Sancho Panza was something of a castle-builder, jolly-looking as he was. I mention him merely to show its effect on the person. When he appeared asleep, and his master demanded what he was doing, he replied, "I govern," being at that very instant busy in regulating the internal affairs of the island of Barrataria, of which the worthy Don had promised him the government when he had conquered it himself. Don Quixote, on the other hand, was not a castle-builder of the higher class. He called in the strength of his arm to aid his delusions, believing to be matter of fact those airy nothings which the true castle-builder regards as recreative illusions, and which cease to be harmless, if he attempt to realize them. The Knight of Cervantes took shadows for substances, and this leads me to denominate the style of castle-building, which I contend is so agreeable, refreshing, and innoxious—the Poetic, in contradistinction to what may be called the Prose order. The last species is a delusion respecting something, the attainment of which is possible, though it is extremely difficult and improbable. In furtherance of the actual realization of our schemes, we lay under contribution every moral and physical aid. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was an adept in this kind of castle-building, as his conversation with Cineas proves. When we have taken Italy, what do you design next? said Cineas; Pyrrhus answered, to go and conquer Sicily. And what next?—then Libya and Carthage. And what next?—why then to try and reconquer Macedonia, when, his legitimateship said, they might sit down, eat, drink, and be merry, for the rest of their days. Cineas drily advised the king to do that which was alone certainly in his power—the last thing first. In like manner, a German author has recently constructed a castle: he has undertaken a work, which for bulk and labour will leave Lopez de Vega and Voltaire sadly in the lurch. It is to include the history, legislation, manners and customs, literature, state of arts, and language, of every nation in the world, from the beginning of time; and this, which he proposes to complete himself, will occupy him laboriously for half-a-century, and carry his own age several years beyond the hundred. The French are clever at this style of castle-building: they plan admirably well, commence their labours with enthusiasm, but leave off in the middle of them. Canals, harbours, triumphal arches, constitutions, and Utopian plans of polity, abundantly attest

this. Who but a Frenchman would have written to Franklin, offering, with a preliminary apology for his condescension, to be king of America, and actually expect pecuniary remuneration for humbling himself to such a purpose! Poor Falstaff was one of this latter class of castle-builders, though it must be confessed he had something of a foundation upon which to erect his edifice, when he heard the Prince of Wales was king, and exclaimed, "Away, Bardolph, saddle my horse—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities." So are lovers who cherish extravagant hopes, and imagine their mistresses to be something between a very woman and an angel—like fish, neither flesh nor fowl. The supporters of a balance of power in Europe, for which England has entailed on herself and upon her posterity such an enormous debt, is like Falstaff's interest with the new king, and, together with the payment of the said debt, a piece of castle-building worthy of king Pyrrhus.

But poetical castle-building alone is a pleasant and harmless amusement of the fancy, which we must lay by when we pursue our every-day avocations, without suffering it to interfere with the realities of existence. It is the mixing these up with its air-built pleasures that produces mischievous effects. An example of this may be found in the worthy country divine, who, having preached a score or two of orthodox sermons, thought, therefore, in the simplicity of his heart, that he had some claim for patronage upon all good statute Christians, whom he determined to edify by publishing his labours for their benefit. He little guessed, greenhorn that he was, the real hold of religion upon his supposed patrons, and the true state of the market in respect to such commodities. His guilelessness of soul made him suppose that where there was a church-establishment, there must necessarily be among its numerous members a high value for religious discourses such as his were—an error he fell into for want of knowledge of the world. He calculated every thing, not forgetting the expenses or the profits of his undertaking; and that he might keep within the bounds of modesty, and show nothing like self-presumption in respect to the worth of his lucubrations, he determined to limit the impression of his volume to one copy for every parish. He printed, therefore, fearlessly, eleven thousand copies. The sequel may be gathered by inquiring about the affair in the Row.

"The wisest schemes of mice and men
Gang all awry,"

says Burns. In these matters, therefore, castle-building must give place to dry evidence and the matter-of-fact testimony of the senses. Those who act otherwise in these affairs waste their years in running round a circle, and find themselves in the end at the point from which they set out. Among these materializers of the airy nothings of the mind, are the perpetual-motion-hunters, who astound society with their discoveries, and are at last obliged to creep off, as the sporting people say, "like dogs with their tails between their legs." The credulous experimenters after the discovery of the philosopher's stone; of an universal remedy, the elixir of life, by which man is to defy sickness and defer death for a thousand years; the gambler's martingale for subduing chance; and the navigators to the moon—afford examples enough of the folly of endeavouring to realize the fantasies of imagination, and of trying to build with sunbeams and prismatic colours the coarse and ponderous edifices of man's erections.

These objections, however, do not affect castle-building of the right kind: the enjoyer of which truly believes his visions too subtle for the common world, from which he must withdraw himself to see them. He sets out with the perfect consciousness that the feast of which he is going to partake belongs not to tangible existence, that it consists of ethereal aliment laid out in the universe of spirit, and that consequently it is an intellectual entertainment upon "ambrosial food," which, while he tastes, must receive from him no alloy of corporeal substances. He knows that this pleasure is an illusion, like all others, even those that consist of better things; but he, nevertheless, derives a temporary satisfaction from it. Pleasant to him is the short interval of rest in his arm-chair after dinner, for, when the foolish world thinks him taking his nod, he is in an elysium—pleasant are his silent devotions to Raleigh's soothing weed, to the solace of his segar or hookah—pleasant is the still hour of night when sleep is deferred a little only to be sounder when it comes, and the unslumbering fancy revels in unwearied luxury, and rears the noblest edifices in her matterless region—pleasant, in short, is castle-building whenever the mind wants renovation, or amusement of its own peculiar character, and can so employ itself without a waste of time or attention from more important objects.

New Monthly Mag.

Miscellanies.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following singular advertisement is copied from *The New London Connecticut Gazette*:—

THE SUBSCRIBER

Being determined not to move from this State, requests all persons indebted, to pay particular attention to his New definition of an *Old Grammar*, viz.

Present Tense

I am*	Thou art.	He is.
Thou art †	In want of money.	
He is ‡	Indebted to me.	
	Shortly to be authorized, for the want thereof to take the body.	

Unless immediate payment is made, you must expect to take a lecture upon my *new plural*.

The Subscriber offers for sale, at his Store, two rods south of the Fish-market, the following articles, viz.

Solid Arguments.

Hot Oysters, Boiled Lobsters, Ham and Eggs, Butter and Cheese, &c.

Agitations.

Cider, Vinegar, Salt, Pickles, &c.

Grievances.

Pepper-Sauce, Mustard, Cayenne-Pepper, &c.

Punishments.

Rum, Brandy, Gin, Bitters, &c.

Superfluities.

Snuff, Tobacco, Segars, Pomatum, &c.

Extraordinaries.

Sea Serpent's Bones, Wooden Shoes, Water Witches, &c.

N. B. The above articles will be exchanged for

Necessaries, viz.

Bank Bills at par, Crowns, Dollars, half ditto, quarter ditto, Pistareens, Nine-penny pieces, Four-penny-halfpenny ditto, or Cents.

Terms of Payment:

One half the sum down, and the other half on the delivery of the articles.

Rudiments gratis, viz.

Those indebted for.....Arguments
Must not be.....Agitated;
Nor think it a.....Grievance
If they should meet.....Punishment
For calling for such.....Superfluities;
Nor think it.....Extraordinary
That I find it.....Necessary
To demand immediate.....Payment.

ANDREW SMITH.

The smallest favour thankfully received.

New London,
March 1, 1819.

J. W. Jun.

* Andrew Smith.

† Any one the cost fits.

‡ Hezekiah Goddard, Sheriff's Deputy.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff.—*Wootton*.

AN IRISH BULL.

A WORTHY baronet of Erin's clime,
Had a fam'd telescope in his possession ;
And on a time
Of it's amazing pow'rs he made profes-
sion,
Yon church, cried he, is distant near a
mile ;
Yet when I view it steady for a while,
Upon a bright and sunny day,
My glass so strong and clear
Does bring the church so near,
That often I can hear the organ play.

CLAVIS.

EPITAPH ON GEORGE DIXON;

A NOTED FOX-HUNTER,

By the late William Hickington, Esq.
STOP passenger ! and thy attention fix on !
That true-born honest fox-hunter, George
Dixon ;
Who after eighty years unwearied chase,
Now rests his bones within this hallow'd
place.
A gentle tribute of applause bestow,
And give him as you pass one tally-ho !
Early to cover, brisk he rode each morn,
In hopes the *brush* his temples might
adorn,
The view is now no more, the chase is
past,
And to an earth, poor George is run at
last.

EPITAPH

In the Cathedral Church of Salisbury.

In memory of
Thomas Glover, Architect,
who having erected many
Stately, curious, and artful
edifices for others, himself is
here lodged under this single
stone, in full expectation
however of a building with
God eternal in the Heavens.

Ob. Dec. 2. } A.D. 1707.
 } Etat. 68.

T. P. H.

EPITAPH

*In Clapham Church-Yard, on a child
three years and eight months old.*

The great Jehovah, full of love,
His angels bright did send,
To fetch the little harmless dove,
To joys that never end.

• EPIGRAM

On the late Lord Galloway and his Cook.

SAYS my Lord to his Cook, how comes it
I say,
That I see you thus drunk, Dennis, every
day ;
Physicians, they say, once a month, do
allow
A man, for his health, to get drunk—as
a sow.
That is right, quoth the Cook, but the
day they don't say ;
So for fear I should miss it, I am drunk
every day.

THE UGLY WIFE,

AN EPIGRAM.

TOM weds a rich hag that would frighten
a horse ;
Repentance soon tortures his mind ;
But vain are the tears that express his
remorse,
Unless he could cry himself blind !

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Venedota, P. T. W., F. R.—Y., Edgar, and
G. S. in our next.

The following communications are either
deemed unsuited to the Mirror, too well known,
or not possessing sufficient merit :—D. K.,
R. S., Chathamensis, Y., R. F., Moyls, G., Wil-
kins, Edwin, B.

Will our Twelfth Day correspondents allow
their articles to stand over eleven months ?

Early, H. B., J. B., N. B. D., C. Clarke, W. M.,
J. S., Francisco.

There are two A. L.'s in the field.

We stand corrected by " Mr. Patrick Bull,
Gent. Esq. : " it was certainly in the descent and
not the ascent that Pilatre de Rosiere and Ro-
maine were killed.

H. H. C.'s anecdote of Dr. Young, which he
thinks has never been in print, is in every jest-
book.

Utopia in our next.

We thank Amicus ; but we can do no more.

H. O. in an early Number.

As none of our friends are so obliging as to die
for the sake of having Mr. Wall's epitaph, we
must refer him elsewhere for a customer.

Mina's Address to his Countrymen is somewhat
out of date. Perhaps it may soon be in season.

Lines to infant children and young misses can
rarely be acceptable to the Mirror.

Will R. S. turn to page 428 of our last volume,
and he will find a full account of Capt. Parry's
second voyage.

Errata.—Page 19, col. 2, line 44, for " of all "
read " at all. " Page 20, col. 1, line 28, insert a
comma after " Annotations ; " 1. 31, for " Bon-
motians, " read " Bonmotians ; " 1. 11 from the
bottom, for " planum, " read " plenum ; " col. 2,
l. 20, for " levy, " read " levee. "

* * The Second Volume of the Mirror is now
ready, and may be had of all Booksellers, price
6s. in boards.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
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by all Newsmen and Booksellers.